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From the Literary Gazette.

A SPANISH STORY.

IN my way through Spain to Orduña, to await the arrival of the British forces, I had occasion to visit the city of Orduña in Biscay. In the principal room of the inn, I found several people gathered round an elderly woman, who was speaking with great emphasis. I was attracted to listen, and heard the following tale; but I have to regret that I did not arrive in time to hear its commencement.

***** "Indeed, *Senor Juan*," said my lady to the musick-master, as she turned over a book of Italian songs, "I do not like those airs just now; let us play over the patriotick song that was sent me this morning from my cousin at Madrid."

"As it may please your Excellency," said *Battista*, taking away the book. "*Colonel Walstein*, my dear," said *Don Antonio Perez*, opening the door and introducing an officer in the French uniform. At this sudden intrusion, my lady stepped back, and put on one of those looks, which when a girl she had learned from me, as being proper on such occasions. "This gentleman," said he, "commands the detachment of the French army which does Orduña the honour of a visit on its return to France." "Madam," said the Co-

lonel, addressing himself to my Lady, and at the same time looking very archly on me, "with the assistance of that lady, I hope soon to have the good fortune to be less disagreeable to you." "I beg you will be seated, Sir," said my Lady, with becoming dignity. Without more ceremony, *Monsieur le Colonel* drew his chair close to the Lady *Aminta*, and took her by the hand with an excessive freedom, requesting her to sit down also. My Lady was perfectly well bred, having had me about her from her infancy, so that she acquiesced without the least embarrassment. *Don Antonio* cast a look on me, made an attempt to say something very courteous to the stranger, and withdrew.

"Sir," said *Donna Aminta* to the Colonel, looking steadily at him notwithstanding his glances and impertinences, "we are very happy in seeing you at Orduña, as you are so far on your return to France. We understand that they have not been very civil to you at Madrid, and that the ladies of Saragoza have been still less amiable." He replied with much gaiety, and, after a short pause, added with a smile of self-approbation, that neither Madrid nor Saragoza could boast a *Donna Aminta de Buxheda*. My

Lady remarked that she did not think her family name was known any where but in Grenada. "Nay," said he, "by the eyes of beauty, your name is known throughout the universe. I asked this route from Burgos, solely that I might have the worshipping of the feet of *Donna Aminta de Buxheda*." He made this common-place attack on female vanity with much spirit, and throwing himself on one knee a little before he had done speaking, took my Lady by the hand, and looked her in the face with an air of devotion.

"Duenna Brigida," said my sweet Lady to me, "I think it is time we should go to mass: rise, sir, you must excuse my leaving you."—She then courtesied very low, and left the room. Monsieur le Colonel followed us to the door, and then putting a double pistole into my hand, said, "Pray for me, my good lady, &c." I did not like to receive a present from a strange cavalier, and more especially from one of France, as my confessor had assured me that all the present great people of that country are Atheists and Hereticks, and that their Emperor himself has drank lately of the blood of his Holiness the Pope. I, however, took the money, with the determination not to keep it myself; but as I did not know what else to do with it, I put it into my work-bag, and followed my Lady to her own room.

"I hate a Frenchman, Brigida," said she, "and that Colonel more than any that I ever saw: and now get my Mantilla, that we may go to church; and my Basquina, for it is late."

On our way to mass, we passed through crowds of French soldiers, who had just entered the town from the Bergos road. The Square was quite full of them, and every street and door. At such a sight, I crossed myself and said an ave-maria, and I am sure my Lady did the

same: for, Heaven help us, they looked at me for all the world like a troop of hungry wolves, which, after having carried off the shepherd, are ready to fall upon the flock. We did not return home till it was quite noon, for my Lady chose to confess, to which resolution I had nothing to oppose. I believe, poor thing, she felt her hatred to the French so heavy on her heart, that she found it necessary to lighten it by repentance. To love our enemies is certainly a part of a Christian's duty, with which, if we cannot comply, we ought to confess, and do penance for our disobedience. As we entered our own house, the Colonel met us at the door. He approached my Lady with more gravity than I had believed him to possess, and requested the honour of handing her up stairs. She gave him her hand without a word. Don Antonio was already in the dining-room, enjoying a cigar agreeably to his custom before dinner. My Lady and I went to change our dress, leaving the Colonel and him together. On our return, the gay officer rose, but Don Antonio kept his seat, and continued to smoke his cigar. "I have just been observing to your husband, Madam," said the Colonel, "how happy he must be in the possession of so much beauty and merit." "Monsieur Le Colonel," replied my Lady, "it would seem that flattery is still a part of French education, from your being such an adept. Pray tell me," added she, "is it Talleyrand or the Emperor who has the office of flattering our beloved sovereign now that he is in France. We know who did it before he left Spain. Monsieur, then," said she, with an emphasis not to be mistaken, "those who flatter often do it that they may betray." "My dear," said Don Antonio, laying down his cigar, "don't insult his Excellency."—"On the contrary," said the Colonel, "I admire her

wit and her spirit!"—Then turning to my Lady, he continued, "forgive me Donna Aminta, I ask your pardon." The servants at this moment came in with dinner, so that I was obliged to leave the room: although much against my inclination, as nothing is more proper than decorum. I retired to my Lady's bed-chamber, and ruminated the whole time of their dinner on Monsieur the French Colonel. I did not like Don Antonio's calling him His Excellency: and as to his coming to my Lady's house, I knew, he had inquired at the inn on the other side of the square, for the person who kept the best table and had the prettiest wife in Ordunna. "By the eyes of beauty, your name is known through the universe!" What hypocrites those vagabonds are, thought I. "The villain, I am so happy my Lady told him how his Emperour cajoled our unsuspecting King. I wish the devil would fetch his eldest-born Napoleon, with Godoy round his neck, and all that like them, for the earth was never so beset with hell-hounds, as in these days. I am sure this fellow's attentions and compliments, will make no impression on Donna Aminta: every drop of her blood is Spanish, and she has always been faithful to Don Antonio!" Thus I sat thinking when she sent for me to attend her siesta; she said little to me, but lay down apparently much absorbed in meditation.

When my lady rose from her sofa, "It is almost time," said she, "to dress; I expect the Aglaura family here to night from Vittoria to my Tertulla; I suppose our French guest will come; I have desired him to invite as many of his officers as he thinks proper. Send in the Camerara. Rosina has a good taste, she shall arrange my hair." "You are too beautiful already, my dear lady," said I, "for your own peace." "Listen," she replied, "to night, I

am to fight the French, so call in Rosina. You shall know more of my thoughts to-morrow." Rosina dressed my lady's hair, which was naturally long and beautiful. No ornament was added to it, but one large pearl rosette above the forehead. Her robe of black muslin was elegantly fitted on by my own hands. I myself adjusted round her neck the rosary of virgin's tears, from which the crucifix hung devoutly on her bosom. As she rose from her toilette, the pearl upon her brow looked like the frozen tear that, the Moors say, the angel of forgiveness changed into a brilliant for the crown of pity. "God bless you my child," said I, "Oh, que belleza," said Rosina, clapping her hands together, "there is something divine in beauty; that inspires the old with admiration, and the young with rapture." "Well Brigida," said my lady, "we will now go to the saloon, and Rosina, acquaint the Senor that I attend him there."

On entering the saloon we met Don Antonio; he had just risen from his *siesta*. "I salute you, Don Antonio," said my lady; "but what's the matter? you look displeased." "You are the cause," said he, "at least in your heart you are, but I will take care of you." "Are you not ashamed of yourself, Sir," she firmly replied, "to hold such language to your wife? Every thing is an object fit to rouse your low suspicions; have you not had sufficient proof of my fidelity?" "I have taken care you should have no opportunity to be unfaithful," was his answer. "Howeyer," said he, after a slight pause, and in a fawning tone, "there is no end of this, let us be friends; I may have said a little too much; let us forget the past, and love each other as we have ever done." "To be friends with you, Don Antonio, I have no objection," she replied; "the decorum of matrimony requires it, but to love

you now is perfectly impossible. the fine thread which might have bound our affections has been so cruelly broken, that it cannot be united again. Observe, for my own sake, whether you are happy or otherwise depends on yourself." "How cool you are," said Don Antonio. "I can manage no argument with you." "Because I am always temperate," she replied. "You are too violent or too cold." "Give me a kiss," said the stupid, sottish jealous Don. "If I do," said, the Lady Aminta, "may I be false to you." As she spoke, she sat down to the piano, but she did not play: she put her elbow on the keys, and hung her cheek on her hand. He put on his capote, and walked down stairs. "What a brute!" murmured I as he went out. "Duenna," said my lady, warmly, "I beg you would forbear such exclamations." The French Colonel came in while she was in this attitude. He stood a moment gazing at her; she perceived him, and suddenly rising said, "I thought we were to have had the pleasure of seeing some of your officers." "You must excuse them to-night," he replied; "they are all employed in seeing the troops lodged in their quarters." I was about to retire. "Remain where you are, Duenna Brigida," said my lady, somewhat austere. "Monsieur," said she abruptly to the Colonel, "I have only to request that you will act candidly towards me." I did not understand what my lady could mean by this address. But love has quicker perceptions than duty. "Be assured, Madam," said the Colonel, "act or speak as you will in my presence, I will neither denounce nor find fault with you." "What pledge will you give me for that?" "Any thing you may please." "Then," said my lady, "I will put you to the proof." She took his arm, and walked to the other end of the room. I could not hear

distinctly what she said, but I gathered enough to know that it was some question she put about the French Marshal Ney. The Colonel started at it, and putting his hand to his forehead, said, "I dare not." "Well," she replied, "it is of no consequence," turning from him. "But," said he, "what use do you mean to make of the information?" "Whatever I please, except discover its author." He remained much agitated, and as if he wished me to leave the room. I withdrew into the little hall, and in about half a minute my lady came out to me, and said, "Brigida, you must never mention a word of what you have seen or heard this night to any living soul." "You may depend on me," I replied, "I have neither confidants, nor curiosity; but what was it he said to you just now?" "That must be my secret," said she, smilingly, and walked away to the library, taking a light in her hand. As she desired me to follow her, I felt a strange desire to see if the Colonel had any thing to say, that would take the veil from the mysterious half minute. "Sir," said I, going into the saloon, "my lady will be here in a moment; she has only gone to see if the moon keeps her place in the heaven as formerly; for we are beginning to think that you French will run away with every thing in Spain." "I wish to heavens, Duenna," said he, "that I could run away with her: here, come here, if you will assist me, you shall have a purse of three hundred double pistoles." I hesitated. "Will you?" rejoined he, with much earnestness and emotion: "here, take this," putting a handful of gold pieces into my hand, as some one was heard coming into the saloon, "take this, as an earnest of the future." Now I was in a great fright, because my lady might as well be caught with him alone as I: I therefore brushed away, along the balcony

down the winding stairs, into the garden, for there was no other way of getting back to the little hall unseen. I had very imperfectly collected my senses on getting into the garden, when I was confounded by seeing my Lady and a man in close conversation, not far from me. I approached as near as I could,—not from curiosity, but from duty,—and hid myself behind the great mulberry-tree, near where they stood. “Now,” said my Lady, “Diego, you understand me, and here are three hard dollars for you; set off immediately, and do not return till you see the General. You remember my uncle; you must have seen him at my father’s, when you were a boy. Be sure you give this walnut into his own hands, and fifty others, which you must get by the way. You will wait his pleasure. I think you will meet him at Valmesada, or at farthest, at Bilboa.” “There is something more than kernel in this walnut, please my Lady,” said Diego. “There is, Diego, and take you care of it, as you value your own soul.” Now I was, I will confess, for once curious, but I dared not stay any longer; so slipping along, to observe what might pass at the garden porch, I remained there, but could observe nothing more than that my Lady gave him two hard dollars more, and he departed.

Donna Carolina de Aglaura, with some ladies, were announced; my Lady met them in the great hall, and accompanied them to the saloon, where the Colonel, Don Antonio, and a male relation, were already waiting. After the coffee and ices, there was a little conversation, somewhat general, but altogether uninteresting. Some attempts were made at liveliness, but in vain. The evening passed slowly and irksomely, for it was obvious that every one was engrossed by some object foreign to the conversation. Don Antonio thought upon the colour of

jealousy; the Colonel upon the quiver of Cupid; Donna Aminta was anxious about the fate of her walnut; Don Pedro Perez was meditating about joining *Romana’s* army, next day, at Leon; *Donna Carolina* was calculating whether her house was not tenanted by the French, as it was understood that they were retreating in the direction of Vittoria. I may have been mistaken in giving them those things to think of; but there is no doubt that they were thinking of any thing but what was talked of in the saloon.

There had been such a noise in the house all day, that when at last we retired, sleep had fled from my pillow. For from the hour I kissed my Lady’s hand in bidding her good night, I did nothing but turn, and toss, and build castles in Andalusia. I rose at the dawn of day, and as soon as it was clear light, went into my Lady’s apartment, to see that her morning things were ready to be put on. I was surprised to find her already out of bed, standing by the window that faces the East. The blush of the early sky was on her cheek, and as she smiled upon me, she might have stood for the image of sun-rise. “We shall have an agreeable walk this morning, Brigida,” said she. “The day is fine, I almost begin to hope, Heaven smiles upon Spain.” “May it please it to bless my Lady,” said I. “And this, my wretched country!” she sighed, putting her hands together, as she raised them to heaven. In an hour the house was afoot. Special care had been taken of the chocolate. I gave the Colonel a cup, in which the spoon would stand on end. Donna Carolina de Aglaura came in as we were getting ready. “A charming day, dear Aminta,” said she, “we shall have a delightful walk to the head of the valley. I have desired the mules to be sent on before.” “Don Antonio,” said my Lady, “are you ready?” “No,

"I won't go," was his answer. "Cousin Pedro will attend you." We met the Colonel just after we had passed the square, or rather he had seen us go by, and overtook us. "I have been fortunate," said he. "I am glad you have joined us," said my Lady, "I think we shall have a pleasant walk." "Pray Senor," said *Donna Carolina*, do you know if your countrymen have retreated from Vittoria yet?" "Indeed, Madam," answered the Colonel, "I am not in the secret. I only know what my orders are." "And pray, Senor," said the Donna, "what may they be?" "Ah! I am afraid they are destined to remain a secret too," replied he, laughingly. Her inquiries, however, were resumed, and dexterously parried. At last she suddenly said, "Apropos, Colonel, is it true that a French grenadier took a child at Estella, by the feet, and dashed its brains out against the step of a door?" "I am grieved to be obliged to confess," said he, "that it is true." "And does the wretch live?" said my Lady, with a flush of indignation in her cheek. "I have no reason to believe otherwise," he replied: "the conduct of the town had placed it out of the pale of military protection." "Where is thy arm, O God!" cried out my Lady, "and to what hour dost thou reserve thy vengeance?" "In that hour, preserve us, Heaven!" said the Colonel. "Aye, you may well say that," said *Donna Carolina*, exultingly. I, more sedate in my abhorrence, uttered an *ave-maria*.

Don Pedro was now to take his leave and proceed on his journey. The Colonel took him by the arm, and they walked aside for a few minutes in deep conversation. During this time, *Donna Carolina* was persuading my Lady to go on to the summit of the hill to the left; and to make all certain, she ordered the servants and mules to move before us. The view from above was

worth our trouble. The valley stretched itself in great richness at our feet, and the hills which completely shut it in, are known throughout all Biscay for trees and beauty. This scenery would doubtless have drawn some fine observations from my Lady, had not the Colonel been present; and probably from the Colonel too, but for *Donna Carolina* incessantly teasing him with questions. It took us an hour's climbing to reach the spot where we stood, and there we were perched like flies upon the edge of a china basin, looking down upon the landscape lying in shades and spots of blue and green, and gold and purple, below. Here *Donna Carolina* mounted her mule, and left us for Vittoria. She had a long way before her; it was at least a ride of five hours. "You must be fatigued," said the Colonel to my Lady, "will you take my arm as we return?" "That is not the custom in Spain," she replied, "we must be content to act in trifles as the world does." "Well, my Lady," said I, "if you will not profit by the Colonel's arm, I will; for I am ready to sink with fatigue." The Colonel's arm was not enough, I actually sunk down. I soon, however, recovered, but my Lady forced me to rest a little longer.

"Indeed," said the Colonel, "Duenna, I am much indebted to you for this happy occasion." "I feel a pleasure in this moment, *Donna Aminta*," continued he, "that I cannot express, and perhaps, as it is the most delightful I have ever experienced, so it may be the happiest of my whole existence. You have inspired me with a sentiment that has raised my soul above itself, that has made me feel that I can love you without desiring more. Perhaps it is in the same spirit that we think of heaven." "For that heaven's sake Monsieur Walstein," said my Lady, "do not talk thus,

for that passion of which you speak, is not to be tempted in any shape; there is no safety from it but in flight, and therefore—let us go.” “Stay but another moment,” he replied, “and let us enjoy the blameless delight of looking on this lovely scene,—lovely to me indeed—with you so nigh. How tranquil is the bosom of that valley opening beneath us like a mighty amphitheatre, whose walls reach up to heaven. What richness in the colours of those fields whose happy stream hastens to fill Aminta’s bath. Sweet angel, when you descended to trouble the waters, I would wait there to be healed by them.” My Lady interrupted him. “Monsieur Walstein, you must not say these things; you would flatter me into folly. Have you discovered that you are not disagreeable to me, and would you profit by my good opinion of you? But, believe me, the attempt is vain; for I would not think myself worthy to live if I did not deny myself even the dearest wish in life, if it were opposed to my duty to my God.” “Nay,” replied he, “but for whom do you cherish with so much sanctity all your friendship, and all your love?—he who now calls you wife is most unworthy of it.” “Who is it that is faultless?” she replied. “I would not for the world offend you,” said the Colonel: “that which I have ventured on your ear is nothing new. I will not now bring in graver authorities, but I shall repeat a passage of *Tasso*, that I think may amuse you, and particularly as it is my own translation.” “Well,” said she, “setting the question aside, I would like to hear your translation, I admire *Tasso* as a poet, but when I read poetry, I keep in remembrance that I am reading fiction; and perhaps that is the reason why they deal so much in pictures of passion. Come begin,” said she. “To what passage do you allude? I cannot recollect the beginning;” said he, “but

it was the description of *Armida’s* bird, with its song among the trees of the enchanted garden.” “I will try,” said she, “and bring it to your recollection. Does it not begin thus?”

“Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde.”

“That is the beginning,” observed he, “but, as I find you are so intimate with the original, I feel afraid of showing my presumption instead of my skill.” “Nay, Colonel,” said my Lady, “if you have no desire beyond that of pleasing me, I think I shall be pleased; and if I could be certain that you would be contented with my friendship, I should not withhold it from you; but, to be candid, you may rest assured that if you look to other objects, not even my friendship shall be given.” “Then,” said the Colonel, endeavouring to conceal his emotion, “then,” said he, offering her his hand, “let me touch the strand on which all my hopes are shipwrecked.” “Colonel,” resumed my Lady, giving her hand, “I am serious in every word I have spoken; it is the best part of my character to be steady in every business of life. I feel that I am rather blameable in contracting so unripe a friendship, but we live in such times that life is too short for acting our parts by the old rules of caution and propriety.” “I swear to you,” said he. “Nay,” she interrupted him, “do not swear, for oaths and faithlessness follow each other like substance and shadow.” I now remarked to my Lady, that it was full time for our return, that we had come much farther than we had intended, and that Don Antonio would be waiting dinner for us. We then arose, and made good haste down the hill. The walk home was pleasant, but very little conversation occurred, except that my Lady often pressed the Colonel to repeat his translation of *Tasso*, which he as often declined, promising that he would give it to her at some other

time. On our arrival we found an officer with despatches for the Colonel. Don Antonio was out, and it was not quite dinner time, so all was right. The Colonel retired into the balcony to open the packet, but soon returned, saying to the officer, "Very well, send the adjutant to me." The officer bowed and withdrew. The Colonel seemed pensive, and spoke not a word for some minutes; during which time my Lady looked at him as I never saw her look at a man in my life. Bless me, thought I to myself, what can this mean? He raised his eyes from the ground, on which they had been fixed, and gazing on my Lady, said, "we have no time to lose;" upon which they exchanged a look or two, and immediately she rose up, saying, "Brigida, leave us alone for a few minutes." I remarked to her that there could be nothing which I might not know with safety; that my secrecy was only exceeded by my fidelity. She made no reply, but pointed to the door. "Oho!" said I to myself, "is it come to this?" So I curtesied and left the room. As soon as I got out, I brushed through the hall, went round by the Chinese saloon, and placed myself opposite to a crack in the false door, where I could see and hear every thing; not that I had any desire to know what they had in view, but I went there, because I think a third person proper on all occasions; for, as my grandmother used to say, "there never were two together yet, but there was a third, and if it was not a human creature, it was the Devil." So I went to make a third, and keep off Satan. I put my ear to the chink, after looking two or three times through it, to make sure that my eyes did not deceive me, for of all the senses the sight is the least to be depended on. I heard my Lady say, "for God's sake." "So!" said I, taking away my ear, and putting my eye in its stead; but I saw nothing that could throw any light upon the nature of the interview; nor could I make head or tail of what they said, for they spoke by fragments: however, I kept my post, to keep off Satan; and he was kept off, for not a word was uttered by either of them that the recording angel might not have heard without a frown. Seeing my Lady go out, I ran to her chamber, where I put on a sulky look, as she came into it. "Brigidi," said she, "you shall know all my secrets in a day or two." I pretended to be made easy by this declaration, and kissed her hand. "Tell me," said she, "have you heard any thing of Diego?" "No, Senora; that is exactly what I want to hear." "Inquire, Brigida." "My Lady, I believe you are the only person to inquire of." "Nay, nay," said she anxiously, "go and ask Sebastian if he has returned; I expect him hourly." On my going out, I took a peep at the Colonel, to see what he was about, and found him surrounded with papers. Diego had not returned, but Don Antonio had; and, contrary to custom, in very good humour. "So the French are all going to leave us Duenna," he said. "Good Heavens!" said I. "Why you seem," returned he upon me, "to take it to heart, I suppose the Colonel has been generous." On this, I turned to fly at him, but my Lady came in. He was afraid I should tell her what he had insinuated; so, holding out his hand, he said, "Duenna Brigida, do not let us quarrel." I turned up my lip at him in contempt, and left him and my Lady together. They walked towards the saloon, where the Colonel was, while I returned to my Lady's room. Now all that I thought on this, shall be told another time; for if I were to tell you now what it was, it would look like prophecy, which I do not chuse to set down for, for you know it looks like witchcraft.

(*To be continued.*)

NATURAL HISTORY OF ALGIERS.

(From Pananti's Narrative.)

From the Literary Gazette.

AFTER taking a historical and geographical view of this country, M. Pananti passes to its various productions :

“ A happy combination of warmth and humidity gives a great degree both of vigour and magnificence to the vegetable productions, of Barbary. Although the lower class subsist principally on barley, yet wheat and Indian corn are extremely abundant. There is also a species of chick-peas, which is roasted in a pan, and thus forms an important article of consumption amongst the people. The prickly pear abounds all over this country, and what it wants in picturesque beauty, is made up by its utility; for, while the tree forms an impenetrable hedge, the fruit is excessively nutritive and wholesome. Vines grow to a prodigious height, and passing naturally from one tree to another, form beautiful arbours: their size is equally remarkable, being sometimes as large at the root as a tolerably proportioned olive-tree. The latter is also a very favourite production of northern Africa; and besides the immense quantity of trees, wild and cultivated, the Algerine territory produces a small thorny tree, which bears a fruit equal in size and flavour to the large olive of Spain. Their pomegranates are at least three times larger than those of Italy, and the pumpkins grow to an enormous magnitude. In addition to all those fruits common to Europe, the oranges and figs of this country are of the most exquisite flavour; the chesnut-tree does not grow to a very large size in Barbary, but the nut, though small, is very sweet. The oaks are in some places, particularly on the sea coast, of an im-

mense size, and extremely lofty: of these the *quercus ballota* of naturalists also abounds, its acorn being very nourishing to several animals, and not unlike the wild chesnut. This important tree, so well known in Spain, would also be a great acquisition to Italy, into which it has not hitherto been introduced. Amongst different species of the cypress, there is one such in the vicinity of Algiers, remarkable for its unusual loftiness and pyramidical form; the almond and mulberry tree are also found in great plenty. The *indigo fera glauca* yields a valuable dye; and there is a highly esteemed medicinal plant found in this part of Africa, vulgarly called *cineraria*, which is considered by the natives as a sovereign remedy in several diseases. Another herb, the *xenna*, furnishes the inhabitants with the celebrated juice with which their nails are tinged. Amongst botanical plants is the *scilla maritima*, the *bulbosa radicata* and dwarf palm, which yields an exceedingly small date, also the *saccharum celendricum*, and *agrostis pungens*. In the more arid vallies are to be found the *reseda odorata*, *erica arborea*, and superb cactus, all of which afford excellent pasture for lambs, while they perfume the air with grateful odours; also the laurel rose, which cheers and vivifies the country, when all other flowers are dried up by autumnal heat. The hills are covered with thyme and rosemary, which at once purify the atmosphere, and supply in many places the deficiencies of fuel. The traveller's sight is also continually regaled with extensive tracts thickly planted with roses of every hue, for the distillation of the famous essence or otto of

roses so well known in Europe. This fine climate has at all times been highly favourable to the culture of sugar cane; that of *Soliman* being considered the largest and most prolific of any in the world. Indeed this plant is thought by many to be indigenous to Barbary, from whence, together with Sicily, it was originally supplied to the West India islands. But the most celebrated tree in Africa is the lotus, equally renowned by poets and naturalists."

The Palm is also one of the greatest blessings to this favoured land. We rather think that M. Pananti compiles too much in this part of his work, describing the horses, mules asses, camels, &c. of Barbary; these, with their habits, are sufficiently known to every reader.

Of the reptile and insect tribes, though not much more novel, there is a curious account, from the close of which we copy a part.

"The natives frequently amuse themselves by a curious kind of warfare, which is created by shutting up a scorpion and a rat together in a close cage, when a terrible contest ensues. I have seen this continue sometimes for above an hour: it generally ends by the death of the scorpion; but in a little time after the rat begins to swell, and, in violent convulsions, soon shares the fate of his vanquished enemy. It is also a favourite diversion with the Moors, to surround one of these reptiles with a circle of straw, to which fire is applied; after making several attempts to pass the flames, it turns on itself, and thus becomes its own executioner."*

"The most destructive part of the insect tribe, and which is justly considered as the greatest scourge in Africa, remains to be noticed:

* This very singular fact is finely alluded to by Lord Byron, in his *Giaour*.—
Ed.

this is the locust: it is much larger than the horse-fly of Italy; some have the wings marked with brown spots, while the body is of a bright yellow. They are dry and vigorous, like other insects inhabiting the desert. What is called the red skipper of this tribe, does by far the most injury to vegetation. They generally begin to appear early in May, spreading themselves over the plains and vallies to deposit their eggs; which, in another month, send forth the young, when they immediately associate in prodigious numbers, often forming a compact phalanx, which covers several acres of ground. In this order they continue a direct course, and with amazing rapidity consume every particle of fruit, vegetables, and corn, that may lie in their way; thus destroying all the hopes of the husbandman and farmer. On these occasions the whole population of the district through which the insect army passes, is occupied in devising the best means of getting rid of such unprofitable visitors: for this purpose ditches are dug and filled with water; at other times, recourse is had to large bonfires, but all is to no purpose with these devastators, whose chiefs seem to direct them with the precision of regular troops, constantly stimulating them to the *pas de charge*, and from their unremitting progress, appear as if they were continually repeating *en avant*."

"Without ever stopping, or turning aside, they rush with impetuosity into the flames, until they are fairly extinguished by their numbers. They also fill the ditches: and when these obstacles are removed, the rear advance over their bodies, rendering it impossible for any part of those before to retreat, if ever so well inclined: they are thus left no alternative between death and victory: the living passing with perfect indifference over the suffocated bodies of their companions, the

journey is pursued without any intermission."

"Two or three days after the first passage, other bodies, equally large, and prompted by the same destructive intrepidity, follow in their steps, devouring the bark and branches of those very trees which their predecessors had already stript of leaves and fruit. 'For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, though all the land of Egypt.'—Exod. x. 15."

"Having continued this predatory warfare for nearly a month, and laid waste the whole country, they reach their natural growth: this is the signal for their undergoing a partial metamorphosis, by changing their coat; an operation which is effected by fixing themselves on bushes or rocks, and it does not require more than ten minutes before they are enabled to appear in their new dress: lying for a short interval after this in a state of languor, the heat of the sun soon gives fresh vigour to their wings, by removing the humidity, and they are once more restored to their original activity. Taking a higher flight, their numbers darken the air, while the sound of their wings is heard for several miles. The unchangeable steadiness with which this singular tribe act in concert during their irruption, seems to imply a regular direction, rather than its being the mere effect of instinct."

"Whenever a country is condemned to the above terrible visitation, nothing can exceed the alarm created amongst the inhabitants, and with good reason, for wo to the district over which they pass! All is destroyed in little more than the space of an hour: they do not suffer even a leaf or blade of grass to re-

main, destroying every appearance of vegetation. During their short stay, they have all the inquietude and instability of hunger: wild as the country they inhabit, it is impossible for any one to get near them. Often, while following their dilatory course, they push on too far, and are precipitated into the sea; at other times, a sudden north wind destroys them by millions, when the country is immediately covered for many miles by their putrid bodies, which is frequently the source of pestilential diseases. They have also, upon more than one occasion, when highly favoured by the weather found their way to the coast of France, Spain, and Italy."

"If the Moors were less indolent, or less blinded by superstition, much might be done towards the total destruction of these voracious insects, when their eggs are first laid; but, in addition to their favourite doctrine of predestination, which accelerates many a serious calamity, the Arabs and negroes firmly believe in the existence of a bird called the *samarmog*; which destroys the locust, as storks do serpents and other reptiles: with this fabulous notion, the boys who happen to take up one in their hand, cry out *samarmog*: and on its trembling, or making any effort to escape, they immediately fancy it must be produced from hearing the name of their implacable enemy pronounced."

"It is also related that the Arabs go to Korazan, the country of the *samarmog*, and bring a pitcher of water back to their own dwelling; it attracts the bird, who is thus induced to come and make war on the locust."

"Whenever any district is attacked, as already observed, the whole population unites in every possible effort to dislodge the enemy: but seeing the inutility of these efforts, they not only cease any longer to torment themselves at the

disappointment, but very wisely endeavour to turn their misfortune into a source of some advantage; this is effected by beating the bushes and trees on which the locusts settle, and on their falling off, putting them into sacks prepared for the purpose; they are then boiled, and after being dried on the terrace, are considered as very good eating. I have tasted some that were fried in a pan, and broiled; they are by no means unpalatable, and something like sprats, though not very wholesome: the natives seem to swallow them with a particular zest. This insect is, I believe, the *acrides* of the ancients; and, according to some historians, ministered to the wants of the Anchorites in the Thebaid.

LEGEND OF ST. WINEFRED'S WELL.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE legend of St. Winefred,* on the faith of which many a pretended miracle has been formed, is briefly as follows:

“In the seventh century, Winefred, a virgin of uncommon beauty, made a vow of perpetual chastity, and lived with her uncle, Bueno, an ecclesiastick, who officiated in these parts. A neighbouring prince, who was enamoured of her charms, re-

* This is, without exception, the most copious spring in Britain; nor is it easy to account for the singular fact which it exhibits, of a body of the clearest water, equal to an hundred tons, being thrown up perpendicularly through the rock below, in each minute of time, without intermission, and almost without any variation in quantity, in the wettest, or the driest seasons. As it rises in a spot which is nearly encircled by hills, it is most probably the united produce of them, conveyed by subterraneous passages to a general reservoir, above the level of the well; and that the head of water, and a contracted aperture, occasion the violence with which it is thrown up. The bottom of the well is apparently covered with stones and rubbish; and though the water rushes up from between them with a force sufficient to prevent a person in it from sinking, and to cause a strong ebullition on the surface through a head of water six feet deep, the smallest stone at the bottom is as much at rest, and the places whence it issues are no more perceived, than if it proceeded from a distant spot.

solved to make an attempt upon her virtue; but, not being able to gratify his passion, in a rage of disappointment he cut off her head. Divine vengeance instantly pursued him for the atrocious deed; he fell down dead upon the spot, and the earth, opening, swallowed up his impious corpse. The head of the virgin, who thus fell a martyr to her chastity, rolled down the hill, and stopped at the foot of the altar where Bueno was kneeling; he took it up, carried it again to the corpse, and, offering up his devotions, united them together; after which she lived fifteen years. The valley, which was hitherto called *Sych-nant*, (dry valley) now lost its name, and a spring of uncommon size burst forth from the place where the head rested: the moss on its sides diffused a fragrant smell; the stones at the bottom became tinged with her blood, and, like the flowers of *Adonis*, annually commemorate the fact, by assuming a colour unknown to them before!

*Luctus monumenta manebunt
Semper Adoni mei; repetitaque mortis imago
Annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri.*

The situation of the well, and the natural appearance of the place, favour the belief of the miracle, and increase the credibility of the legend; the spot is encompassed by

hills, the moss round the well certainly diffuses a fragrant smell, and the stones at the sides and bottom are apparently tinged with blood! Yet, in all this, there is nothing supernatural, nor, in similar situations, uncommon. The moss is the *jungermannia asplenioides*, which, like others of its genus that grow near running water, is well-known to be sweetscented: the blood-coloured crustaceous substance upon the stones, is also a vegetable production,* possessing a fragrant smell, resembling violets, which, Dr. Smith says, is equally strong after the specimens have been long preserved, whenever they are wetted.

As I have taken the liberty to expose the pious fraud of the authors of the legend, it is but just that the ingenuity they have displayed in framing it, should have its due reward of praise. In all ages have interested persons made use of the uncommon appearances, and even the ordinary productions, of nature, to impose upon the credulous, for their own advantage. The Monks of the abbey of Basingwerk, being naturally anxious to render this fine spring conducive to their own emolument, attracted the notice of pious devotees to it by framing the above related miracle, with which they took care to interweave those natural facts, which they themselves had probably witnessed through a long

series of years, and had found annually to recur. The embellishment respecting the blood upon the stones is particularly ingenious; and, if the author of it was accustomed to observe how unalterable and constant Nature is in the distribution of her productions, he may claim the merit of having fixed upon the most effectual method of having secured the advantage to his brethren in future time; each successive age would increase the celebrity of the spring, and the credibility of the legend; and, as piety was associated with it, the wished-for result would be likely to continue as long as the principles which gave it birth obtained credit among men.

Superstition, which has at all times called forth the boldest exertions of genius, and has employed it to construct the most durable and costly temples in honour of her imaginary deities, has, in more modern times, raised over this far-famed well, a beautiful Gothick chapel; which, in this particular instance, may now be said to be a monument to herself. It is said to have been erected by the munificent piety of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. and partakes, or, rather, originally did partake, of the richness and beauty which characterize the ecclesiastical architecture of that period. It is built of a compact yellowish free-stone; its form is an oblong square, about ten yards long by eight, and its height about twelve yards. Its principal front, which faces the direction of the stream, has three rather obtusely pointed arches, over each of which is a window. Its interior consists of a ground-floor and a story above, the latter of which is now used as a charity-school. The height of the former may be about two-thirds of the whole building; it is entered from the street by a flight of steps, facing which, in the opposite wall, is a canopied niche, containing an

* The *Byssus Iolithus*, of Linnæus; and *Lepraria Iolithus*, of Dr. Smith; (English Botany, vol 35, t. 2471,) and other late botanists. It caught the observation of the young Linnæus, in his arduous journey among the wilds of Lapland: the stones on which it grew appeared to him to have been partially stained with blood. *Lachesis Lapponica*, vol 1, p. 26 — It decorates the margin of many an obscure and unfrequented spring, with as bright a tint as at Holywell, where it has so often been gazed on with rapturous devotion, and been regarded, for the long period of a thousand years, as the sacred blood of a sainted virgin.

empty pedestal, on which a sculptured figure of the martyred saint has doubtless stood, to meet the eyes and receive the prostrations of pious strangers: it was probably removed either at the reformation, or during the rancorous times of the civil wars. In the centre of the floor, is the inclosure which contains the spring, occupying, perhaps, two-thirds of the width of the building. Its shape may be best defined by comparing it to eight chevrons, disposed in a circle, or by two square cards placed one over the other, so that the corners of the under one shall appear and be equi-distant from those of the upper, looking somewhat like the projecting angles in a plan of the outworks of a fortified town. From all these angles rise light clustered pillars, which ramify above, and form the converging ribs of a beautiful canopied roof, the centre of which supports a pendant, containing some obscure figures on the sides, and the arms of France and England, quarterly, at the bottom. The intersections of the groins are ornamented with embossments of flowers, &c. The spaces between the pillars, to the height of two and a-half, or three, feet, are filled by a wall, over which the spectator leans to look down into the well: above this, they have been connected together by a light elegant stone screen-work, carved like the mullions and tracery of a Gothic window, with borders of vine leaves, &c. in low relief; but this highly ornamental part is in a great measure destroyed, as are also the finer parts of the architecture in general. Over that side which is left open for the passage of the stream, and on a level with the surface of the water, is a narrow stone arch, which appears, from holes at equal distances upon it, to have been the pediment of an iron railing, which completed the inclosure of the well, but is now removed. The

whole of this central inclosure forms a beautiful little chapel, or oratory, over the spring. The other part of the roof is also groined and ornamented, and on one of the pannels in the wall, may be perceived the remains of a painting of the legend, if we may judge from the inscription above it, not yet quite defaced—*"In Honorem Sancti Winefredi Virginis et Martyris."* Another stone shews in relief, the usual letters, I. H. S. 1683; but it is impossible that this can be the date of the erection. A narrow flight of steps descends into the water on each side for the convenience of the bathers, and of those who fetch it away for domestick purposes; and close at hand are two dressing-rooms for the former. The stream passes under the arched floor, with considerable vehemence, into a spacious oblong reservoir without. The catholicks used to swim, or rather dive under the arch, as an act of penance; others are said to have continued in the water, immersed to the neck for hours together, praying most devoutly. This reservoir is twelve yards long by six wide, and about five feet deep; it is formed of stone, and has a flagged walk round it, inclosed by iron palisades, and a flight of steps descending into it. On leaving it, the water immediately turns a corn-mill, and is then conveyed (to preserve the proper level) in a raised wooden trough, five feet wide by three deep, to the next mill, and afterwards turns successively several cotton, lead, and copper factories. The whole length of the stream, from the well to its junction with the sea, is not more than a mile and a-half; yet in this short space it turns ten or eleven mills of different descriptions. The quantity of water it produces is almost incredible, it is said to be not less than one hundred tons per minute, as proved by an experiment made on purpose to ascertain the

fact. In general, it is so clear, that a pin may be seen at the bottom of the bason, though six feet below the surface; but we were informed by the engineer at one of the factories, that, after heavy rains, it is somewhat discoloured; and, in dry seasons, that it abates about a-third of its usual supply. Whilst there, we observed its level to vary several inches, which I attributed to its being drawn off quicker, or slower, by the mills. A beautiful view of the chapel, the reservoir, the stream, and the various factories, may be had from the church-yard, above the spring.

I cannot take leave of this interesting spot, without attempting to describe the impression which it leaves upon the mind. It communicates a feeling like that produced by a survey of the great and wonderful scenes of nature, aided and accompanied by a kind of solemn devotional awe. A deep and powerful interest is excited, and we feel impatient to discover the cause which produces so grand an effect, at a moment when the faculties are overpowered by it. The continual dampness of the atmosphere, which is a natural consequence of the situation of the well, and the want of a free circulation of air, while it unfortunately hastens the decay of the building, has nevertheless contributed very materially to produce its present picturesque effect. It has partially covered the walls, the clustered pillars, and what still remains of the elegant tracery of the arches and surrounding screen-work, with patches of lichens, mosses, and other cryptogamous plants, whose varied hues of green and yellow, red and brown, blend into each other, and beautifully harmonise with the natural colour of the stone. The crystal stream itself, whose surface is agitated by a perpetual ebullition, possesses tints not less beautiful than the building that encircles it. Over the white pitchers, which have been thrown in, and lie upon its bed,

it appears in patches of a bright cerulean blue: over the darker parts of the ground-work, it assumes an azure green, and reflects an obscure and trembling outline of the surrounding arches; or shews, through its transparent body, while it protects from profane hands, the sacred blood of the Virgin saint, which is besprinkled upon the stones below. The partial shade which pervades the interior of the building, gives a mellowness to the whole, and renders the charm complete.

I was desirous to view it under a different character, and visited it again in the sober hour of evening; when the misty obscurity of twilight overspread every object. The stillness that reigned around strongly invited contemplation: I embraced the favourable moment, and resigned myself into her power; the world, with all its gaudy joys and busy follies, was soon forgotten; and every sense and thought filled with the strong impression of the surrounding scene. I glanced rapidly at the periods of its remoter history, and figured to myself the many admiring groups which had assembled here, the many miraculous cures Faith had assisted the waters to complete, the many "shrouded spectres Superstition had seen," and the numerous acts of penance which had been performed here, through the successive generations of a thousand years; and, pausing for a moment at the present hour, the period of my own ephemeral existence, darted forwards into futurity, and pictured its more dilapidated appearance in the course of another century or two, when plants of a more luxuriant growth than lichens and mosses, shall bloom upon its broken arches, and shall fill the crevices of its walls—the pencil marks of time,—and, in conjunction with the still flowing stream, shall speak, in powerful language, the eternity of the works of nature, compared with those of man!

Nantwich, Jan. 24, 1816.

AZAKIA.

From La Belle Assemb'ée.

THE ancient inhabitants of Canada were all savages, to the greatest extent of the word. Nothing can prove it better than the cruel destiny of those French adventurers who landed first in that part of the new world. They were devoured by those very men whom they intended to polish and civilize.

New attempts, however, were crowned with better success. The savages were driven into the interior of the Continent; treaties were concluded with them, that were never observed; and the French created new wants among those Americans in order that they should become dependent on them. The French brandy and tobacco easily achieved what Gallia's arms could not have operated without great difficulty. Confidence soon became reciprocal, and the forests of Canada were frequented in as much safety by their new visitants as by the natives.

Those woods were also the resort of the wives and daughters of the savages, who were no longer frightened at the sight of a Frenchman. Almost all those females were possessed of beauty, and for certain that beauty is not due to the fascination of art; neither did it, in a higher degree, influence their conduct. They are naturally of a mild disposition, very lively, and there is a something commandingly sweet in their smiles. They are also most amorously inclined; a propensity which, so long as they remain single, they will indulge without scruple, or incurring any reproach. It is not the same with regard to a married woman; who is bound to remain faithful to the man she has wedded; and, what is no less remarkable, will never perjure herself.

A heroine of this latter class, and who was born amongst the Hurons, happened one day to lose her way in a forest bordering the spot which they inhabited. She was met by a French soldier, who scorned inquiring whether she were single or married. The fellow, besides, felt very little disposed to respect the rights of a Huron husband. The shrieks of the young savage whilst struggling to defend herself, drew to the spot the Baron de Saint-Castins, an officer in the colonial troops. He soon obliged the soldier to give up his pursuit, and to retire; yet she whom he had protected appeared possessed of such attractions, that the offender appeared to him excusable. Nay, he felt a temptation himself to demand a salary for the protection he had afforded. To be sure, he addressed her in a more gentle engaging manner, but was not more successful. "The friend who stands before mine eyes, prevents me from seeing thee," said the Huron. That is the phrase used by those savages to express that they have a husband, and that they are determined not to betray their duty. That short sentence, which is not a mere formula, conveys a positive denial, and is used in common by all the wives of those barbarians, whom neither our vicinity nor our example could ever civilize.

Saint-Castins, to whom the language and manners of the Hurons were become familiar, was made sensible at once that his pretensions were of no avail; and from that reflection he felt his wonted generosity to revive within him. He, therefore, accompanied her home, without any farther attempt to seduce her, the fair savage, whom mere accident had brought into that forest, and who

was afraid of being exposed to some new encounter. On their way she expressed her most lively gratitude, which she declared she would retain till she breathed her last.

Not long after Saint-Castins was insulted by one of his brother officers, whom he called out, and ran through the body. The deceased was nephew to the Governour General of the colony, a man of a most violent and revengeful disposition. Saint-Castins had no other resource than to leave the colony to avoid the pursuit of so powerful an enemy. It was thought he had sought an asylum among the English of New-York, which was probable enough; yet, under a persuasion that he would be equally safe among the Hurons, he gave them the preference.

The desire of seeing again the young woman that he had protected, and whose name was Azakia, had, in all likelihood, influenced his choice. She instantly recognized her deliverer. She was overjoyed at meeting him again, and manifested her satisfaction with as much candour as she had resisted his attack. Ouabi, her husband, also welcomed Saint-Castins, who informed him of the motive of his flight. "The Great Spirit be praised, for having conducted thee amongst us," replied the Huron! "This body," added he, laying his hand on his breast, "this body will serve thee as a barrier, and this club will keep thy enemies at a distance, or level them to the ground. My hut will be thine; daily shalt thou see the great luminary rise over our heads, and leave us; nothing shalt thou want, nothing will injure thee."

Saint-Castins declared that he was determined to adopt the same mode of life; that is to say, partake of their toils, share in their expeditions, adopt their manners: in short, to become a Huron. Ouabi's joy redoubled upon hearing such a

declaration. This savage held the first rank among his tribe: he was their grand commander, for which appointment he was indebted to his courage and services alone. He had other chiefs under him, and offered to add his new guest to the number, but Saint-Castins wished to serve only in the ranks.

The Hurons were then at war with the Iroquois, who were to be attacked. Saint-Castins wished to join the expedition, and fought like a true Huron; but was dangerously wounded. He was carried off the field of battle, though with great difficulty, as far as Ouabi's habitation. At the sight of him Azakia seemed oppressed with grief, but she, nevertheless, collected sufficient fortitude and strength to bestow on him every kind of assistance and attention. Notwithstanding she had several slaves under her command, she would trust to herself alone the care of relieving her guest. Her activity kept pace with her inquietude. One would have thought she was a fond mistress watching over the days of her lover. A Frenchman could not fail drawing the most flattering conclusions from so kind a treatment, and, at first, that was the case with Saint-Castins. His desires and his hopes revived with his strength. One single point, however, seemed to oppose his views; the recollection of Ouabi's good offices. Could he injure him without being guilty of ingratitude and perfidy? "But," would Saint-Castin's say, upon second thoughts, "Ouabi is no better than a savage; could he be more particular on this one article than many a good honest man in our Europe?" This mode of reasoning, bad as it was, appeared a most solid argument to the amorous Frenchman. He renewed his tender advances, and was surprised to meet with reiterated rebuffs. "Stop, Celario! (this was the name which the savages had

given to Saint-Castins,) stop," said Azakia to him; "the pieces of the stick that I have broken with Ouabi are not yet reduced to ashes. One part still remains in his power, and the other in my possession. So long as those fragments subsist, I am his and cannot be thine." This discourse, pronounced in a firm tone, disconcerted Saint-Castins. He no longer presumed to insist, and was plunged into a gloomy reverie. Azakia sympathized in his grief. "What is to be done," said she; I cannot become thy companion unless I cease being that of Ouabi: neither can I part from Ouabi without occasioning him a sorrow equal to that thou experience thyself. Answer me, has he deserved it?"—"No!" exclaimed Celario, with great warmth, "no! Over me he deserves all manner of preference; but I must desert his mansion, and even this district. It is only by ceasing to see Azakia, that I can cease being ungrateful towards Ouabi."

The young savage turned pale at these words. Her tears immediately began to flow, neither would she strive to conceal them. "Ah! ungrateful Celario," she exclaimed, through her sobs, and pressing his hands between her own; "ungrateful Celario! Can it be true that thou wishest to forsake those to whom thou art dearer than the light of the great luminary? What have we done to thee? Art thou left in want of any thing? Dost thou not see me continually by the side of thee like a slave that is only waiting for the signal to obey thy commands? Wherefore wilt thou have Azakia die broken-hearted? Thou can'st not leave her without carrying away with thee her soul: it is thine, as her body is Ouabi's."

The return of the latter prevented Saint-Castins' answering. Azakia's tears continued to flow, but not for a single moment did she re-

frain mentioning the true cause from which they ran. "Friend," said she to her husband, "Still thou seest Celario, still thou mayest hear and speak to him; but he will soon disappear from our eyes, he is going to seek new friends."—"New friends?" cried out the savage, as much alarmed nearly a Azakia herself; "but what motive, my dear Celario, induces thee to tear thyself away from our arms? Hast thou received any injury, hast thou been wronged in any way? Answer me: thou art aware of my having some authority in these parts. By the Great Spirit I swear thou shalt obtain redress, and be avenged."

Saint-Castins was at a loss to answer those questions. He had not the least reason to complain with any propriety, and the true motive of his determination was not to be made known to Ouabi. He, therefore, had recourse to some common-place excuses, which honest Ouabi found quite ridiculous. "Let us speak of something else," added he; "to-morrow I shall set out for an expedition against the Iroquois and this evening I shall have our warriors here to take the customary repast with me. Partake of the entertainment, my dear Celario."—"I wish to partake also of your toils and of your perils," interrupted Saint-Castins; "I must accompany you."—"Thy strength would prove inadequate to thy courage," replied the Huron chief; "to brave death is nothing, one must know how to deal death amongst the ranks of the enemy; how to pursue them when they are routed, and to avoid being attacked, if they have too superiour a force. Such at all times have been our military maxims. Think only for the present of thy recovery, and of taking care of this habitation, which I commit to thy sole management."

In vain would the Frenchman have attempted to reply. The war-

riours soon assembled, and sat down exposed than ever to meet the looks to take their repast, which was of the beauteous Azakia. hardly over when they marched off, and Saint-Castins was left more

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF A LUNATICK.

Contributions to the Science of Criminal Jurisprudence, &c. by Dr. Schmid, of Jena;

From the Literary Gazette, Sept. 1818.

THIS remarkable and highly interesting work, just published, has excited a strong sensation in Germany. It paints in terrible colours the abuses in the celebrated hospital at Berlin called *La Charité*, illustrated by the affecting history of a female lunatick; and confirms the melancholy truth, that learned, meritorious, and in many respects upright men, may be hurried by their passions into grave errors. It proves by documents, that a tribunal, in general highly esteemed, may sometimes be guilty of weakness, and that even a minister who loves justice, is not always on his guard against inconsistencies in his conduct.

It is hardly to be doubted but the minister of justice, and the chamber of justice at Berlin, will make some declaration respecting the contents of this work, as far as they are concerned. We extract, as the most attractive specimen, the

History of the Unhappy Lunatick.

Louisa Thiele was the daughter of a man healthy in mind and body, and of a mother sometimes subject to hystericks, and who, particularly during her pregnancy with this infant, could not divest herself of a continual melancholy. Louisa was, when a child, rather weakly, but soon shewed signs of understanding and comprehension which gave her parents great pleasure. She was sent to school in her seventh year, and cultivated with great eagerness

every branch of instruction; religion in particular had the greatest charms for her; an inclination which her masters perhaps too much cherished in one of so tender an age. From this it may have proceeded that the approach of maturity brought on her a fever which soon became mental alienation, at first showing itself in the fixed idea that she could not masticate, and could therefore eat no solid food. Nothing was neglected, for years together, by the first physicians, to restore her to health, and it at last seemed probable that an entire recovery might be expected. At this time her brother was drowned—and the much beloved Queen of Prussia died. It certainly is a proof of her excellent, but sorrowful heart, that both events had such an effect on her, that she seemed for a long time dead to all pleasures, sought only retirement, and enjoyed no comfort except at church, and in reading religious books.

Her father held a lucrative post, but lost it on account of the war, was obliged to live on what he had saved, and contract his expenses very much; his privations, his sorrows, increased the silent afflictions of the good daughter. Her mother at last became also ill, though not dangerously; but Louisa's filial fears created dangers. She wanted to administer to her beloved sick parent remedies and nourishment which were too dear for them in their present narrow circumstances.

The younger sisters sometimes reminded her of this, perhaps not mildly enough; and this grief apparently occasioned the return of the mental alienation.

Several physicians again undertook to attend her, but as her poor parents could not supply her with the requisite remedies, they at last determined, after much persuasion, to trust their unhappy child to the *Charité*.

Very much worn out, and with the deepest melancholy in her countenance, she entered the establishment, complaining that her inside was torn, and her heart driven into her head, &c. Her continual screaming, and complaining of pain, was not, as it appears, taken for the symptom of the disorder, but for the disorder itself, and the whole method of cure chiefly directed to quieting her. The means used for this, were, abundance of cold water, poured 16 pailfuls at a time over the head; fetters; a strait waistcoat; quick turning in a kind of machine; emeticks; a hair rope; a sack, in which she was put, it was then tied, laid on the floor, and fastened to the bed-post; and, lastly, a Megara of an attendant, called Mrs. Voigt, who when her crying incommoded her, scolded the unfortunate girl, boxed her ears, and forced her lips together with her hawk's claws, knocked her head against the wall, &c. All these harsh methods were made use of several times in the short space of eleven days, on a debilitated young girl, who had been very weakly from her childhood. It is to be conceived that the patient could not feel herself with this treatment, more comfortable in the *Charité* than in her parents' house, and that her complaints increased daily. She often cried out with a voice which would have affected the heart of any tiger, that of Mrs. Voigt excepted: "Ah! my God! my Saviour! my good nurse! have

pity on me! my sister! my father!" &c.

It might be supposed that her illness had so debased her, that it was become necessary to treat her as a mere brute animal; but that was not the case. Whenever Caroline Bühler, one of the witnesses, who visited her, spoke to her, the language of the patient was sensible and coherent, she did not fly from one subject to another, answered every question, and inquired herself respecting many things; only she always sought to turn the conversation to religious subjects. She often wept and sobbed, and if Caroline Bühler asked her why she wept so, she answered, "Ah! I long to be at home with my friends and relations! I am treated here so very cruelly!"

At last, on the eleventh day of her stay in this hell, she was again put into a strait waistcoat, then into a sack, and over this a second sack was drawn, and in the first there was, besides, over her face a piece of black waxed cloth, and in this way the sacks were tied up, put on the ground beside the bed, and there fastened to the bed-post. In this state did the unfortunate girl lie for several hours, lamenting, crying, praying, despairing; during which Mrs. Voigt had a coffee party in the next room. Louisa's cries changed gradually into panting and groaning, and this became gradually lower, and at last she was quite still.

The coffee party now went into the chamber, for further recreation; the sacks were opened, pulled down, and the poor Louisa was dead! Mrs. Voigt now screamed more than the patient had done before: "I am undone! give me a knife! I must kill myself!" But nobody had the politeness to rid the world of this monster; on the contrary, her female companions advised her to put the corpse in the bed, and say that Louisa had died there. This

was done. Surgeons were called in, and every means attempted to restore her to life; but happily the girl's sufferings were terminated.

Her father was absent; and her mother in despair, incapable of acting, more distant relations gave information of this death which looked so much like a murder. The criminal tribunal examined into the affair, and acquitted the Counsellor Horn, because he affirmed that Louisa was not suffocated, but had died of an apoplexy. The sack, it was said, had been so coarse, that she might very easily have drawn

breath; but that a piece of black waxed cloth had been put before it to hinder this easiness of respiration, was not mentioned; nor was it inquired whether corporal ill-treatment is in all cases calculated to restore lunatics; whether the mode of treating such patients in the *Charité* does not require a thorough reform; whether it is not necessary that the director of the institution, as well as those under him, should have, besides the other necessary qualifications, *feeling hearts?*

VARIETIES.

From the (London) Monthly Magazine, Sept. 1818.

MODERN RELICKS.

FATHER G., a Jesuit, expresses himself as follows, respecting the treasures of art, &c. which have been brought back from Paris to the monastery of St. Peter at Erfurt:—"Among the relicks are many highly valuable, which may be regarded as diamonds of the finest water; as, for example, nine of the skulls of the 11,000 virgins, a piece of a gown of the Virgin Mary, the tuning-hammer belonging to David's harp, and many other similar treasures; in comparison with which the French contributions are as nothing."

French ideas of English Cookery.

In *La Cusiniere Burgeoise* edition of 1816, we find two dishes denominated English, and undoubtedly calculated to gratify our countrymen, who transport an English appetite to the banks of the Seine: these are,—*Rosbif de mouton à l'Anglaise*, and *rosbif d'agneau à l'Anglaise*; that is to say, roast beef of mutton, and roast beef of lamb, in the English manner. We do not feel it necessary to add the recipes,

assured that no English cook would follow them, nor English *gourmand* discover what was served up to him.

LAW.

To him that goes to law nine things are requisite:

In the first place a good deal of money.

2dly. A good deal of patience.

3dly. A good cause.

4thly. A good attorney.

5thly. Good counsel.

6thly. Good evidence.

7thly. A good jury.

8thly. A good judge.

And 9thly. Good luck.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

In the seventh century, Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, was celebrated, through all the western church, for writing a penitential, or treatise to direct what penance should be enjoined for certain crimes. Among other matters, persons newly married were commanded to abstain from entering a church for thirty days, and to repent for fifteen!—*History of Dissenters, by Bogue and Bennet; vol. 1. p. 15.*

In the rubrick of the Church of England, at the end of the "Form

of Solemnization of Matrimony," as it stands in the Prayer Books of the nineteenth century, is the following directions:—"It is convenient that the new married persons should receive the Holy Communion at the time of their marriage, or at the first opportunity after their marriage"

ENGLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

Count Oxenstiern who had been three times ambassador from the court of Sweden to that of England in the former part of the seventeenth century, drew the following sketch of this country, which some may think not very far from the truth at the present period.

"England, without dispute, is the queen of isles, the empire and arsenal of Neptune. She is at the same time the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the academy of Venus, the country of Mars, the abode of Minerva, the support of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of partisans of opposition, and the paradise of those of liberty. The women are handsome, but their beauty is attended with something very insipid. Bravery there, is, as it were, natural to the men, but carried to an excess that approaches to savageness. Wit and judgment reign there, and perhaps more than in any other country whatever; but they produce a certain air of pride which considerably diminishes their merit. 'Tis there, one may say, that fortune distributes her favours abundantly; but these islanders are ignorant of the use they ought to make of them to strangers, as the courtiers and their taste are the only objects of their liberality. Their language is an odd mixture of almost all the tongues of Europe: but with this advantage, that it expresses itself the best of all of them: in short, 'tis a nation where nothing is wanting to its happiness but

to know how to enjoy it. Her natural restlessness and extreme jealousy for liberty and property have often plunged her into civil wars, which have laid her within six inches of her destruction. The three journies I made there having let me into their manners, I venture to assert that it is the most delightful country in the world for young gentlemen to be amused in, provided they are masters of the language, and are able to support the expense; and if the high road to hell be sown with delights and pleasure, you must necessarily pass through England to go to it."

STRATAGEMS.

In the reign of James the second, Robert Ferguson, a Presbyterian minister, who had plotted against the government, fled from justice to the city of Edinburg, when perceiving that he was closely pursued, and that the gates were shut to prevent his escape, he had recourse to a device which men of less cunning would have considered as the certain means of destruction. Instead of secreting himself in a cellar or a garret, and putting confidence in strangers, he went to the town prison, where he knew an old acquaintance was confined, and there he remained concealed till the search being over and curiosity at an end, he was enabled to go quietly about his business. The same man, after the unfortunate affair in which the Duke of Monmouth perished, with whom he acted as secretary, had a still more narrow escape. Ferguson knew that a proclamation was issued out against him, and his person was so very remarkable, that he could hardly entertain the least hopes of eluding pursuit. Being, however, a man of great presence of mind, he made the best of his way for the coast; but instead of passing along by-roads, or through little villages, he

entered the largest towns, and fearlessly put up at the best inns. At one place in Dorsetshire, where his danger was the greatest, he found that the principal inn was kept by the mayor, which circumstance made him choose that very house for his quarters. Here he came towards evening, ordered a handsome supper, to which he invited the company of the landlord and his wife. In the middle of the repast the mayor received a message desiring him to grant a search warrant for the apprehension of one Ferguson. The magistrate in consequence being obliged to retire for the discharge of his official duty, made an apology to his guest, and at the same time acquainted him with the reason of his absence. On his return the conversation fell upon the subject of the fugitive and the offences with which he stood charged. Ferguson, who knew that too much ardour in condemning frequently betrays consciousness of guilt, and that an attempt to palliate crime is apt to create suspicion, both which are the errors of little cunning, commended the zeal of the magistrate with that discreet coolness which generally accompanies moderation and honesty, and then deviated imperceptibly to topics best calculated for his own security. The evening passed away pleasantly, and Ferguson lay till pretty late in the morning, when he arose confident enough of his being safe while in that house, but not so sure of getting out of the town to the sea side. In order to obviate this difficulty, he called for breakfast, and again desired the company of his worship, with whose conversation he affected to be so much pleased, that he promised if the Mayor would ride to the next town, and spend the evening with him, he would stop and take dinner. This flattery won the affection of the host, who very readily complied,

and thus Ferguson in the company of the magistrate, passed safely through that town and the neighbourhood without being at all suspected. He then got a passage to Holland, and returned from thence with the Prince of Orange.

SMOLLETT'S TOMB — Situated on the banks of the Arno, between Leghorn and Pisa, in the most romantic spot that even the vivid imagination of an Italian could select, rises the tomb of our countryman Smollett, the author of *Roderick Random*, &c. It is of a plain octagonal form, about thirty feet in height, and six feet in diameter at the base, which forms an apartment, to which there are three doors. The English who visit it from the port of Leghorn, have erected a plain marble table, surrounded by stone seats within; and scarce a vessel arrives, but the officers and crews pay a visit to Smollett's tomb, and do homage to his memory in *sacrifices* of the most generous "lachrymæ christi" wine.

It is worthy of remark, that the tomb is covered with laurel, so that scarce a stone can be seen, and it is even bound up to clear the entrance at the doors.

The laurel grows wild in all parts of Tuscany, and the homage of friends has planted many a slip on the tomb of departed genius. Four marble slabs are placed inside, with suitable inscriptions in the Italian, Latin, Greek, and English languages. The Italian run thus:—

Stranger! respect the name of *Tobias Smollett*:

An Englishman,

A man of letters and playful genius;

He died

Contented in Tuscany.

His soul

Requires your prayers.

J. B.

LATIN.

He knew every thing—he loved every one.

Familiar with past

and

Present ages,

His works merit a place by the side
of
Boccaccio,
Pray for his soul.

The Greek inscription has been
thus translated; I am not compe-
tent to say but a better may be
given:—

Here Smollett rests,
A Citizen of the world,
A Xenophon and an Hippocrates,
A Terence and a Boccaccio.
If he had
A native country, it was this;
For here
He chose to die:
I was his friend

J. PALLIONETTA.

THE ENGLISH INSCRIPTION.

"Patria cara carrier liberta."
The great historian of his day,
Who rivall'd all but HUME below,
Thou tread'st upon his lowly clay;
Then let thy tears of rapture flow.
The *first* of novelists he shone,
The *first* of moralists was he,
Who Nature's pencil waved alone,
And painted man as he should be.
Dumbarton's vale in life's gay prime
Cherish'd this blossom of the North,
Italia's sweet and favoured clime
Enshrines in death the man of worth.

J. H. B.

There is much merit in the latter
composition: it has evidently been
written by a Scotchman. The Fac-
tory at Leghorn know not who
placed the slab, except that it was
some person who brought it from
Florence; the initials J. H. B. I
have heard interpreted James Hay
Beattie. I believe the Doctor ne-
ver was in Italy; whether he ever
wrote such an inscription, I cannot
pretend to say. This little account
may not be uninteresting to your
readers.

J. M.

Literary Gazette, Sept. 1818.

A certain Pope being informed
that some Jews were desirous of an
audience, said—"Jew! No, how
can they expect to be admitted who
were the murderers of our dear Sa-
viour!" But hearing afterwards
they were much afflicted at his re-

fusal, having brought a very valua-
ble present for his Holiness as a
mark of their respect, he cried with
a seemingly careless air, "Well,
well, admit them; poor uninformed,
ignorant wretches, they knew not
what they were doing."

Vernet and Voltaire.—When
Vernet, the celebrated painter, vi-
sited Voltaire for the first time, the
author thus addressed him: "Wel-
come, M. Vernet! you are rising to
immortality, for never were colours
more brilliant or more durable than
yours!" The Painter replied, "My
colours can never vie with your
ink!" and caught the hand of Vol-
taire, which he was going to kiss
with reverential awe, but the Poet
snatched it away, modestly saying,
"What are you going to do? Sure-
ly if you kiss my hand, I must kiss
your feet."

COW TREE.

Mr. Humboldt and his compa-
nions, in the course of their travels,
heard an account of a tree which
grows in the valleys of Aragua, the
juice of which is a nourishing milk,
and which, from that circumstance,
has received the name of *the cow
tree*. The tree in its general aspect
resembles the chrysophyllum caini-
to: its leaves are oblong, pointed,
leathery, and alternate, marked
with lateral veins, projecting down-
wards, they are parallel, and are
ten inches long. When incisions
are made into the trunk, it dis-
charges abundantly a glutinous milk,
moderately thick, without any acrid-
ness, and exhaling an agreeable bal-
samick odour. The travellers drank
considerable quantities of it without
experiencing any injurious effects;
its viscosity only rendering it rather
unpleasant. The superintendent of
the plantation assured them that the
negroes acquired flesh during the
season in which the cow-tree yields
the greatest quantity of milk. When

this fluid is exposed to the air, perhaps, in consequence of the absorption of the oxygen of the atmosphere, its surface becomes covered with membranes of a substance that appears to be of a decided animal nature, yellowish, thready, and of a cheesy consistence. These membranes, when separated from the more aqueous part of the fluid, are almost as elastick as caoutchouck; but at the same time they are as much disposed to become putrid as gelatine. The natives give the name of cheese to the coagulum, which is separated by the contact of the air; in the course of five or six days it becomes sour. The milk, kept for some time in a corked phial, had deposited a little coagulum, and still exhaled its balsamick odour. If the recent juice be mixed with cold water, the coagulum is formed in small quantity only; but the separation of the viscid membranes occurs when it is placed in contact with nitrick acid. This remarkable tree seems to be peculiar to the Cordilliere du Littoral, especially from Barbula to the lake of Maracaybo. There are likewise some traces of it near the village of San Mateo; and according to the account of M. Bredmeyer, in the valley of Caucaqua, three days' journey to the east of the Caraccas. This naturalist has likewise described the vegetable milk of the cow-tree as possessing an agreeable flavour and an aromatick odour: the natives of Caucaqua call it the milk-tree.

Reform in Newgate.

The effect wrought by the advice and admonitions of the Ladies' Committee, in reforming the female inmates of our great City prison, is most strongly shown by the following occurrence:

"It was a practice of immemorial usage for convicts, on the night

preceding their departure for Botany Bay, to pull down and to break every thing breakable within their part of the prison, and to go off shouting with the most hardened effrontery. When the period approached for a late clearance, every one connected with the prison dreaded this night of disturbance and devastation.

To the surprise of the oldest turnkey, no noise was heard, not a window was intentionally broken. They took an affectionate leave of their companions, and expressed the utmost gratitude to their benefactors; the next day they entered their conveyances without any tumult, and their departure, in the tears that were shed, and the mournful decorum that was observed, resembled a funeral procession: and so orderly was their behaviour, that it was deemed unnecessary to send more than half the usual escort."

Wholesome Doctrine.

The celebrated Dr. Darwin was so impressed with a conviction of the necessity of good air, that being very popular in the town of Derby, once on a market day, he mounted a tub, and thus addressed the listening crowd: "Ye men of Derby, fellow citizens, attend to me! I know you to be ingenious and industrious mechanicks. By your exertions you procure for yourselves and families the necessities of life; but if you lose your health, that power of being of use to them must cease. This truth all of you know; but I fear some of you do not understand how health is to be maintained in vigour—this then depends upon your breathing an uncontaminated air; for the purity of the air becomes destroyed where many are collected together; the effluvia from the body also corrupts it. Keep open, then, the windows

of your crowded workshops, and, as soon as you rise, open all the windows of your bed-rooms. Never sleep in a room without a chimney in it, nor block that up. Inattention to this advice, be assured, will bring diseases on yourselves, and engender among you typhus fever, which is only another name for putrid fever, which will carry off your wives and children. Let me again repeat my serious advice: *open your windows to let in the fresh air, at least once in the day.*—Remember what I say: I speak now without a fee, and can have no other interest but your good, in this my advice.”

Learned Lumber.

Amongst the *deliramenta* of the learned, which have amused mankind, the following, instance merits conspicuous rank. Some years ago, there were several large elm trees in the College Garden, behind the Ecclesiastical Court, Doctors' Commons, in which a number of rooks had taken up their abode, forming in appearance a sort of *convocation* of ærial Ecclesiasticks. A young Gentleman, who lodged in an attick, and was their close neighbour frequently entertained himself with thinning this covey of black game, by means of a cross bow. On the opposite side lived a curious old civilian, who, observing from his study, that the rooks often dropt senseless from their perch, or, as it may be said, without using a figure, *hopp'd the twigg*, making no sign, nor any sign being made to his vision to account for the phenomenon, set his wits to work to consider the cause. It was probably during a *profitless* time of peace, and the doctor, having plenty of leisure, weighed the matter over and over, till he was at length fully satisfied that he had made a great ornithological discovery, that its promulgation would give wings to his fame, and that he was fated by means of these rooks to say,

Volito vivius per ora virum.”

His goose-quill and foolscap were quickly in requisition, and he actually wrote a *treatise*, stating circumstantially what he himself had seen, and in conclusion, giving it as the settled conviction of his mind, that *rooks* were subject to *epilepsy*.

Pride of Ancestry.

In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the Duke de Croy, at Paris, is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out: “My good friend, save the archives of the CROYS!”

Another piece of tapestry in the palace of the Duke de Levis represents the Virgin Mary with an ancestor of the de Levis stand bare-headed before her. “Dear cousin,” says she, “pray be covered!”—and he replies: “Cousin, I would rather remain as I am.”

Premature Sorrow.

The death of M. Perrier, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has occasioned a strange mistake. The Secretary of the Royal Society of Sciences happens to be also named Perrier. At a recent meeting of the latter body, the Chevalier—entered with a countenance woe-begone, took his place among his brethren, then solemnly stood, drew forth a manuscript from his pocket, and with a voice of the deepest sorrow, began a funeral oration “upon his deceased friend.” What was his surprise, when the “deceased friend” stood up from the President's chair, which he filled (the panegyrist was so blinded with tears as not to observe him sooner), declined the honour about to be conferred on him, thanked his friend in the warmest terms, and proposed,

amidst roars of laughter, to adjourn the reading of the oration *sine die*.

Advantage of Second Thoughts.

A French cobbler had resolved to commit suicide, and to make his exit the more heroick, prepared the following memorial, in writing:—
“I follow the lesson of a great master, and as Moliere says,

“When all is lost, and even hope is fled.”

He had just written thus far, and applied the fatal instrument to the carotid artery, when suddenly recollecting, he stopped. and cried to himself, “Eh! but is it Moliere who says so?—I shall make sure—

I shall be laughed at.” He now got Moliere, read a few comedies, and returned to his usual occupation of mending shoes.

American Benevolence.

No sooner had the melancholy news of the two fires at Newfoundland reached Boston (N. America), than a subscription was immediately raised for their relief, and a vessel freighted with provisions for their use. Such was the energy displayed, that the ship was loaded in 12 hours, and such the general feeling of benevolence, that even the porters refused any compensation for their labour.

POETRY.

From the New Monthly Magazine, for October, 1818.

MOTTOS FOR A SUPPER.

BY THE LATE M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

1.
This is not proper! Take another,
Or else I vow I'll tell your mother.
That man looking at you, not that one, his
brother—
He's blind of one eye—and squints with the
other.

2.
How ill Miss Gig was drest last night!
Each hair was plastered polt upright;
Her cap at least a week she'd wore,
And pinned her gown the back before.

3.
From hearing you of fondness speak
Propriety now shrinks,
For I'm engaged to wed next week
The charming Mr. Jinks.

4.
That girl on t'other side the table
Kicks me as hard as she is able;
Miss, this behaviour's really shocking,
See! how you've dirted all my stocking!

5.
She's pretty Sir! The truth to tell, —
Before I never met her:—
She certainly is mighty well,
But—I'm a great deal better!

6.
I'm really overpowered with heat,
And feel so qualmish—keep your seat,
For I shall quickly be at ease.—
Lend me your hat, Sir, if you please!

7.
I lovely!—Oh Sir! dear Sir, hush!
Speak lower, or you'll make me blush.
You think I rouge, but be it known,
This charming colour's all my own.

8.
Compared to Love, oh! what is wealth?
Love is —! really, Sir, your health!

9.
I'm sorry that so bad your chance is,
For I'm engaged the twelve next dances!

10.
Not a drop more, this wine's too heady,
I've drunk twelve glasses, Sir, already.—
To *hob* and *nob* with you I've no objection,
I prefer sherry, Sir, to your affection.

11.
Do make my heart for ever easy!
Pray tell me, do my features please ye?

12.
Pert minx she puts me in a flame!
Oh how these hands could maul her!
Do look how Mr. What's-his-name
Flirts with Miss What-d'ye-call-her.

13.
Pray Sir take care!—
He's drunk I swear!—
That fellow's always guzzling.
That's very fine,
He spills the wine,
And spoils my bran new muslin.

14.
What shall I do? I've left, I find,
My pocket handkerchief behind!
Yet, now I think of it, one way
The comfort of my nose secures,—
Do me the favour, Sir, I pray,
To let me have a blow on yours!

15.
Sir, if you catch me making faces,
Think not I mean those *airs* for *graces*;
My soul such affectation scorns,
But my tight shoes, Sir, pinch my corns.

A LADY'S CHOICE.

Supposed to be written by herself.

Whene'er to change my present state,
Kind heav'n shall decree,
Be this the model of my mate :
In mind and body free.

Let honour all his actions guide,
Be upright and sincere ;
Let virtue in his breast reside,
And lodge sweet Pity there.

Let him have never been the cause
Of injur'd virgin's tears
Or sorrows which, by Nature's laws,
The feeling parent bears.

In learning and in sense complete,
And wholly free from pride ;
No foppish dress, but plain, and neat,
Have reason on his side.

Let him be gen'rous, brave, and kind,
And then, oh ! may I prove,
The woman suiting to his mind,
That he can only love !

Blest with a partner to my heart,
While life's so shortly spann'd,
Naught shall divide, till death shall part,
The matrimonial band.

1810.

T. W. K.

Verses written in the Porch of a Cottage at Cheam, Surrey.

Embosom'd in shrubs and in flowers,
Whilst all things in beauty appear,
I cannot enjoy the soft hours,
The half of my heart is not here.

My wife, and the friend of my breast
Tho' ever attentive and kind,
Can no longer—it must be confess'd,
Assuage every pang of the mind.

We've prattlers still left at home,
They ask our affection and care,
Uncheck'd in our flight can we roam,
Just like the free tenants of air ?

Though friendship is sacred and dear,
With the noblest of virtues enroll'd,
There are feelings that still are as near,
And innocence gives them their hold.

Come then to the town let us wend,
Where good humor so often has smiled ;
But if turning the back on a friend,
'Tis to meet the sweet face of a child.

MARITUS.

A SWEET RETURN OF GRATITUDE.

Lines written by Mr. James King, of Old Weston, Huntingdonshire ; and sent to Mr. Knighton his neighbour, accompanying a

Box of Sweetmeats, in acknowledgment for an important service rendered when his horse and cart were fast stuck in the miserable roads, between Leighton and that village.

Oh, have you forgot,
(I am sure I have not),
When I was confin'd in the clay ?
When my horse and my cart,
And myself to in part,
Were so fixed in the mud that we no way
could start,
So there we were likely to stay ?

When you saw us in need,
You were friendly indeed,
A high sense of which I retain :—
When you sav'd us in thrall,
You sent Jasper and Ball,
Moreover you followed to help us withal,
And landed us safely again.

I should be much delighted,
Could you be requited—
Could I an equivalent shew :
As I cannot do this,
It will not be amiss,
To beg you accept of the present with this,
From one so indebted to you.

SONNET.

When sickness shews us life's dim-waxing
lamp,
And bids us turn our dark'ning eyes above,
When friends hang o'er our beds, and wipe
the damp
Cold dews of death with the soft hand of
love,—

'Tis good to have and feel that inward power
Which doth surpass the strong man's puny
might :

Prepared thus, in life's most fateful hour
We unappalled stand, and brave its spite ;
But better still, and cause for praise, to have
Fair conscience sitting smilingly and calm,
Fresh-living hopes that look beyond the grave,
And are to wounded hearts a present balm ;
And cheerful, wholesome thoughts, which
smile and bloom
Above the body's wreck, like flow'rets o'er a
tomb. C. F. W.

Hard by there is a secret green wood nook,
Happily by faries form'd, for the repose
And pleasure of their queen :—a silvery brook,
Reflecting all that overhangs it,—flows
Musically by, with noise of many springs ;
The young birds tenant it, and woo, and pair,
And silent sit to hear the thrush, who sings
His frequent song of summer-blytheness
there ;—

'Twill soon be reach'd, if we use willing speed ;
Then let us hence—making so little stir,
Our light steps shall not rouse the grasshopper,
I have a song to breathe—a book to read—
And we will pass the hours in such employ
As shall to our twin hearts give certain joy.
C. F. W.

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